



BEST OF THE WEST

THE 11th BIG ISSUE --ALL BRAND NEW STORIES!

# BEST OF THE WEST

NO. 11

FEATURING ALL  
YOUR FAVORITES





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# STRAIGHT ARROW

THE MAN IN THE STAGE HAD A STRANGE AND VIOLENT TALE—AND HIS EYES NARROWED VENGEFULLY AS HE TOLD IT! BUT THEN HE RODE ON TOWARD AN EVEN GREATER ADVENTURE...AND A STARTLING REVELATION—FOR STRAIGHT ARROW HAD TAKEN A HAND IN THE AFFAIR OF—

## "THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED!"



THE DRIVER OF THE STAGE HAS BEEN GOING TWO DAYS WITHOUT RELIEF. HE SWAYS SLEEPILY—RENS HANGING LOOSELY FROM HIS HANDS...



SUDDENLY A THICK BLACK CLOUD SPITS A SEARING BOLT OF LIGHTNING!



AND THE STAGE'S TEAM BOLTS FRENZIEDLY—TUMBLING THE DRIVER FROM HIS PERCH!





WE'RE HEADIN' FOR THE RIVER!

THE DOOR'S JAMMED — WE'LL BE DROWNED FOR SURE!

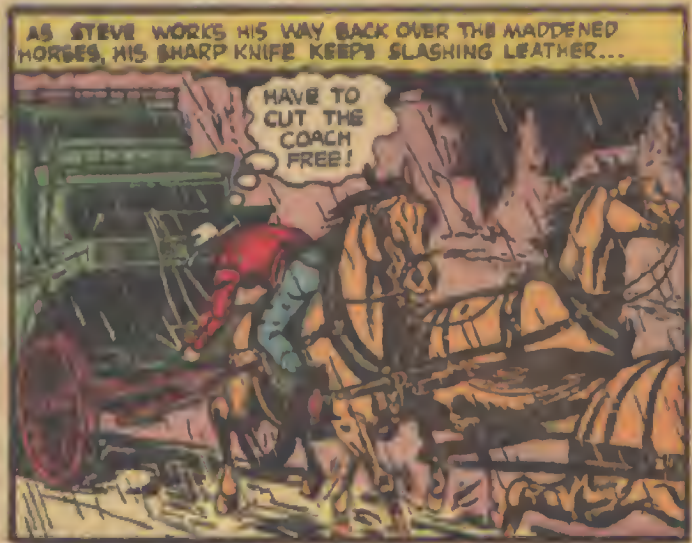


BUT STEVE ADAMS AND PACKY MCCLLOUD HAVE PULLED REIN NEARBY—

FORE FOLKS! THERE'S NOTHIN' — STEVE! WHAR'RE YUH GOIN'? DON'T JUMP DOWN! IT'S SUICIDE!

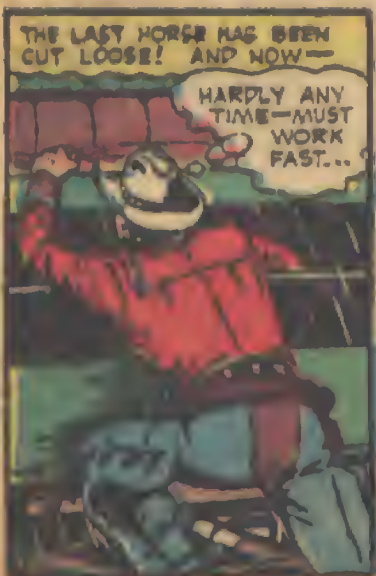


HAVE TO RISK IT, PACKY... TOO MANY LIVES AT STAKE!



AS STEVE WORKS HIS WAY BACK OVER THE MADDENED HORSES, HIS SHARP KNIFE KEEPS SLASHING LEATHER...

HAVE TO CUT THE COACH FREE!



THE LAST HORSE HAS BEEN CUT LOOSE! AND NOW—

HARDLY ANY TIME—MUST WORK FAST...

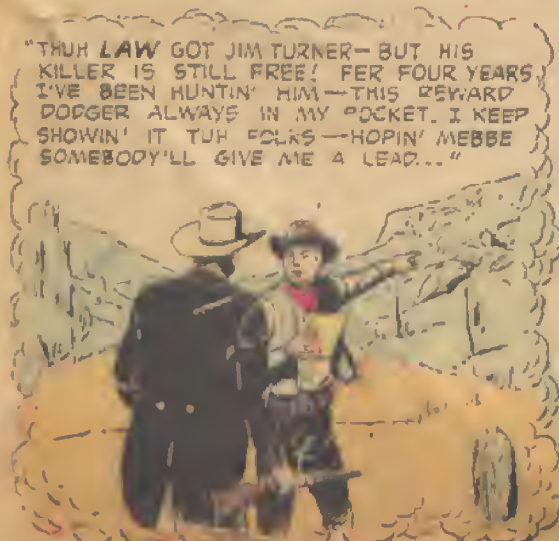


STEVE HEAVES BACK ON THE HAND BRAKE WITH ALL HIS POWER—BUT THE SWOLLEN TURBULENT RIVER IS ONLY TWENTY YARDS AWAY!

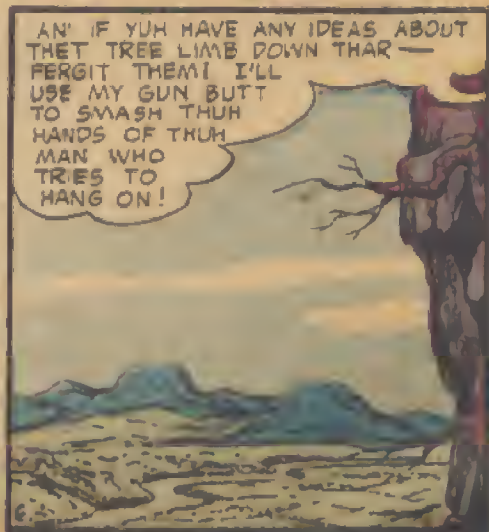
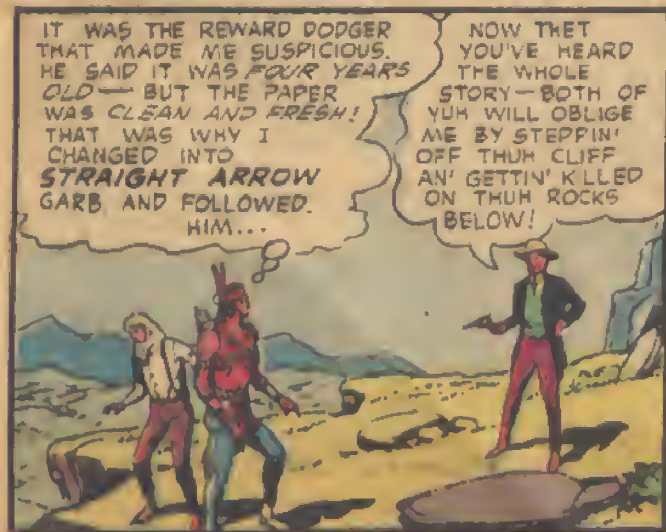
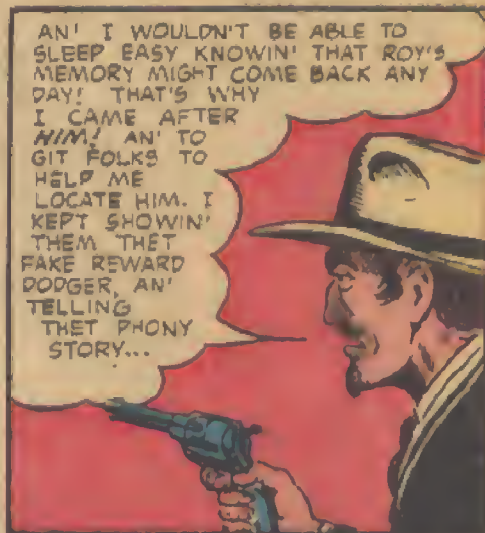
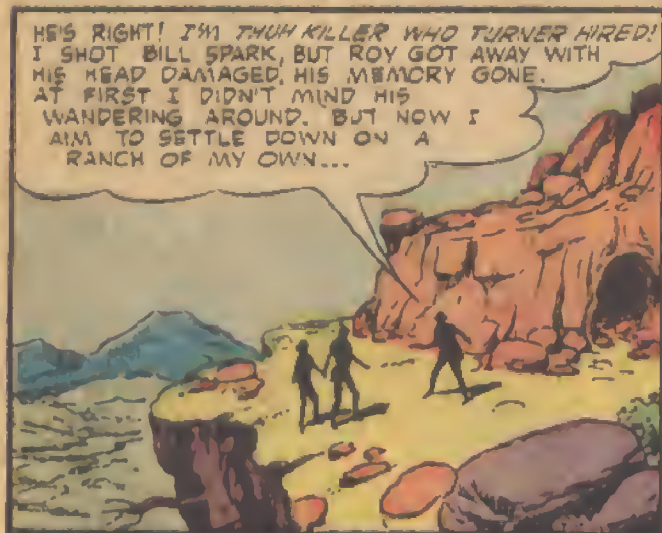


THE BRAKE CATCHES! BUT MOMENTUM KEEPS THE STAGE ROLLING FORWARD! THE RIVER'S EDGE IS ONLY TEN YARDS AWAY NOW! NINE, EIGHT, SEVEN...

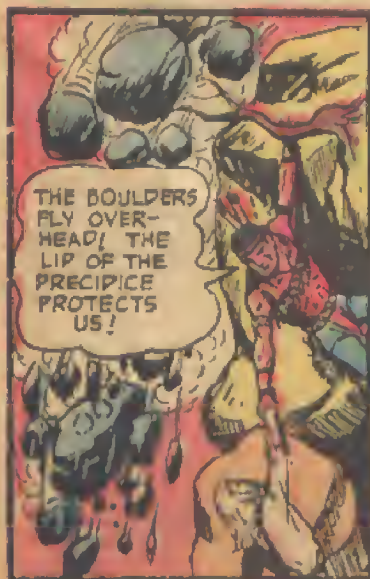
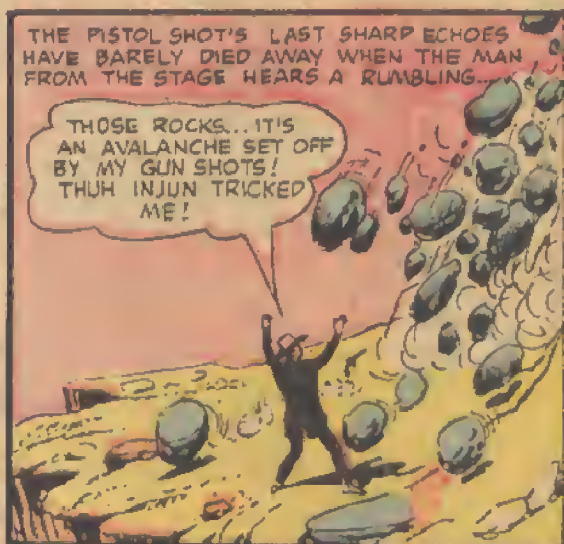












# GHOST RIDER

the

STAMPING  
AND SNORTING,  
HIS RAZOR-  
SHARP HORNS  
DRIPPING RED,  
**THE PHANTOM  
BULL** CAME  
OUT OF THE  
NIGHT TO DEAL  
A HORRIBLE  
DEATH TO ALL  
WHO STOOD  
IN HIS PATH.  
EVEN **THE  
GHOST RIDER**  
FELT THE CHILL  
HAND OF DEATH  
UPON HIS BROW  
WHEN HE SAW

" **THE  
HORNS  
OF  
HORROR!** "



EVERYTHIN'  
QUIET, MEN?

NOTHIN' TO WORRY  
ABOUT, LEM. THUH  
HERD'S SO PEACEFUL,  
YUH KIN HEAR CACTUS  
NEEDLES DROPPIN'...



BUT, TWO  
HOURS LATER—

**AKEEEEE!**  
THAR COMES  
THUH PHANTOM  
BULL!





"THUH BULL KEEPS TRAVELLIN' DOWN TO EARTH TO GIT MORE CATTLE FOR HIS HERD. BUT HE DOESN'T COME ALONE ""



"...THUH RIDER IN BLACK COMES ALONG WITH HIM. HE STANDS GUARD OVER THUH BULL, AN' THROWS HIS FIRE-KNIVES AT ANYONE WHO TRIES TO HARM IT ""



YOU MAY BE RIGHT, LEM— BUT IT'S HARD TO SWALLOW. I'LL BE GONE FOR A FORTNIGHT. WATCH AFTER THE RANCH AS BEST YOU CAN.

YUH KIN DEPEND ON ME, MA'AM.



IN TOWN, VERY LATE THAT NIGHT, A GNARLED FIST RAPS URGENTLY ON THE DOOR OF REX FURY, FEDERAL MARSHAL.



"... BUT AT THAT MOMENT, HOOFES RUMBLE THUNDEROUSLY BY— AND A FLAMING KNIFE HURTTLES THRU THE AIR."



WHAT'S WRONG?

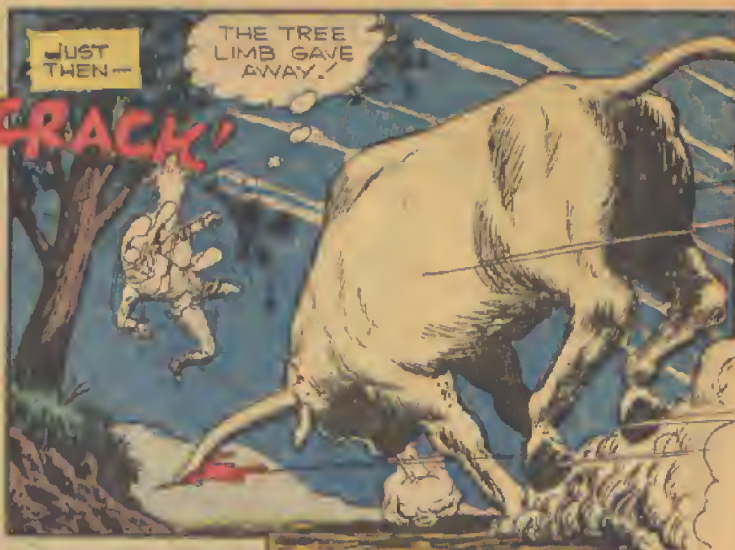
I GOTTA TALK FAST, MARSHAL—I THINK I'VE BEEN FOLLOWED! NOW LISTEN ME AN' SLIM WERE THUH LAST OF THUH OLD HANDS AT LIZ NELSON'S RANCH. SLIM'S DEAD NOW AN—



THIS, ADDED TO THE STRANGE TALES I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT THE GOINGS-ON AT LIZ NELSON'S RANCH, MAYBE I THINK THE GHOST RIDER HAD BETTER TAKE A HAND....!



SO THE GHOST RIDER KEEPS A LONELY VIGIL OVER LIZ NELSON'S HERD, AND A FEW NIGHTS LATER—



THE GHOST RIDER KEEPS ROLLING TILL HE RESTS IN A SMALL ARROYO, RENDERED INVISIBLE BY THE BLACKNESS OF HIS CAPE AND THE NIGHT.



TOMORROW COMES...AND  
SO DOES LIZ, UNAWARE  
THAT DEATH AWAITS HER...



THE RIDER IN BLACK  
SLOWLY LIFTS A  
GLEAMING KNIFE...  
TAKES CAREFUL  
AIM...



AS THE KNIFE  
WHIZZES TOWARD  
THE UNSUSPECTING  
GIRL, IT BURSTS  
INTO FLAME!



BUT BEFORE THE  
BLADE REACHES HER—



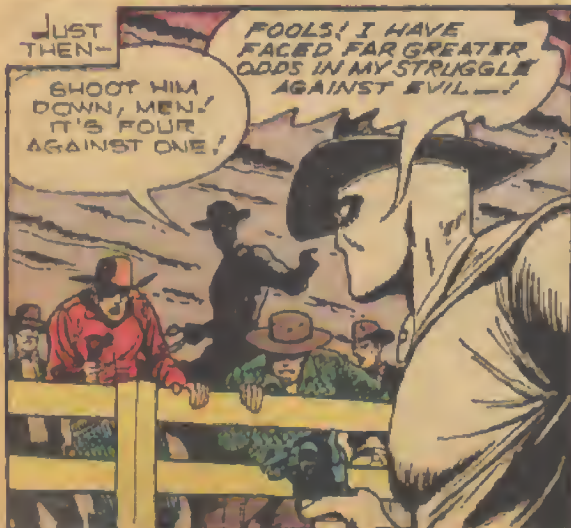
I LAY IN THE ARROYO ALL  
NIGHT, GRITTING MY TEETH  
WITH PAIN... BUT FORTUNATELY  
HEALED IN TIME FOR ME TO  
SAVE THIS GIRL'S LIFE!

STAND BACK,  
MISS—I'LL GET  
THE MAN WHO  
TRIED TO KILL  
YOU!

JUST  
THEN—

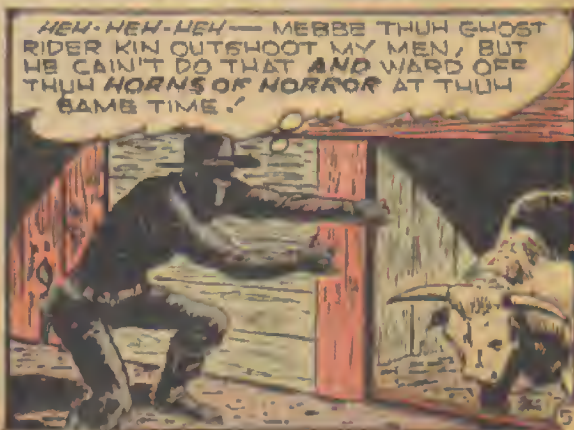
FOOLS! I HAVE  
FACED FAR GREATER  
ODDS IN MY STRUGGLE  
AGAINST EVIL—!

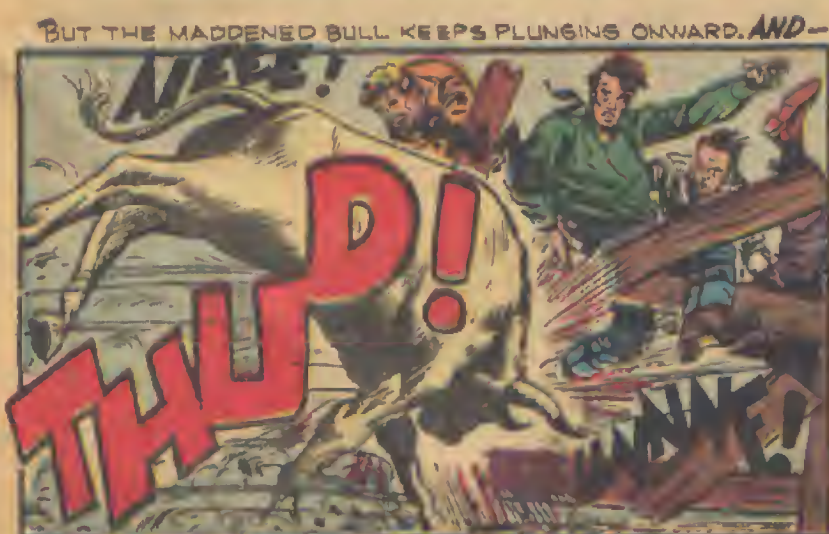
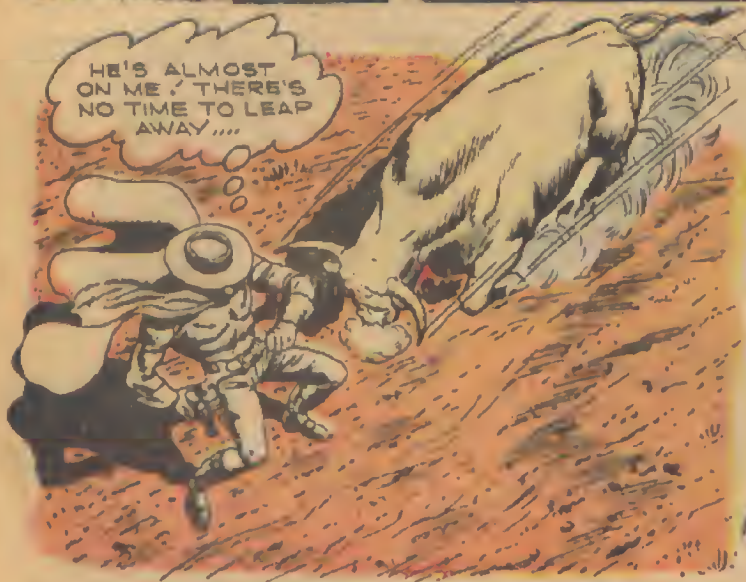
SHOOT HIM  
DOWN, MEN!  
IT'S FOUR  
AGAINST ONE!



BUT AS THE GHOST RIDER MATCHES  
SHOOTING SKILL WITH HIS ADVERS-  
ARIES, THEIR DIABOLIC LEADER IS  
OPENING A SECRET CORRAL!

HEH-HEH-HEH— MEBBE THUH GHOST  
RIDER KIN OUTSHOOT MY MEN, BUT  
HE CAIN'T DO THAT AND WARD OFF  
THUH HORNS OF HORROR AT THUH  
SAME TIME!







**YOU CAN BE  
THE GHOST RIDER!**

**ONLY  
\$1.00**

**AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS  
WITH THIS WEIRD SCARF  
THAT BECOMES A REAL  
GHOST RIDER MASK  
THAT GLOWS IN THE DARK!**

A scarf  
...with the name of  
**THE GHOST RIDER** bannered  
on it...and a **SPOOKY**  
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**GHOST RIDER SKULL** when  
the mask is tied on...



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# TIM HOLT

A FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE FOR A PENNY! A DIAMOND FOR A DIME! ARE THESE THE ACTS OF A MADMAN? NO! FOR THESE ARE THE BARGAINS OF THE **PACK RAT**—ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS AND CLEVER CRIMINALS OF THE ENTIRE WILD WEST. HE GIVES BETTER THAN HE TAKES! WHY? WHY?

ONLY **REDMASK** KNOWS THE ANSWER TO THAT, AS HE FIGHTS FRANTICALLY TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THESE QUEER ROBBERIES, FOR HE KNOWS THAT DEATH WILL COME TO GET HIM—

**"WHEN  
THE  
PACK RAT  
STRIKES!"**



FRANK BOLLE

DARK HANDS IN A DARK VAULT, A SINGLE COIN, A CHEAP PENNY IS LIFTED INTO THE LIGHT—AND A FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE LEFT IN ITS PLACE...

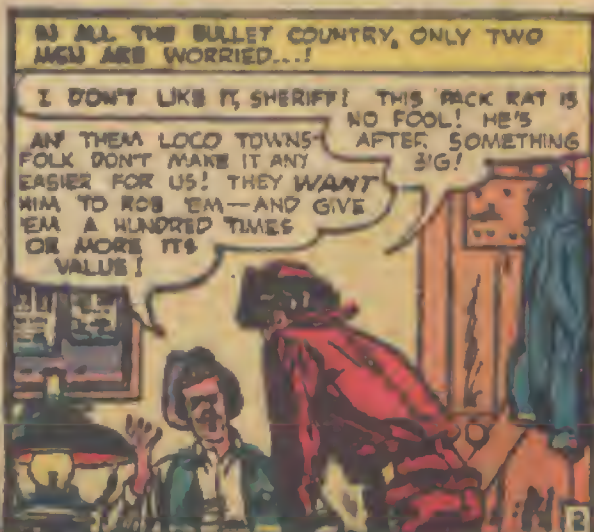


AS DAWN FLOODS THE WESTERN COUNTRY AND GROWS TO EARLY MORNING—

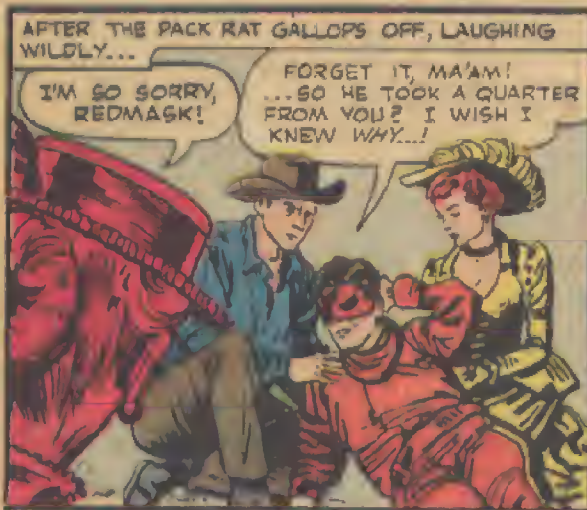
JIM, SOMEBODY BROKE IN AND STOLE AN OLD PENNY... AND LEFT THIS FIVE-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE IN ITS PLACE!

AW, YOU'RE LOCO...!

















# the DURANGO KID

THERE WAS A TIME - A DESPERATE TIME - WHEN MULEY PIKE HAD TO CARRY THE BALL AGAINST A TERRIBLE EVIL. THAT WAS WHEN **THE DURANGO KID** FELL PREY TO

## *The Sting of Death!*

ART BY FRED GUARDINER



THE DURANGO KID HAS JUST BROUGHT IN ANOTHER OWLHOOT!

TICKLE MUH WHISKERS-  
THEY'S THUH THIRD  
OWLHOOT THIS WEEK!

YAHOO!  
THREE  
CHEERS FER  
DURANGO!

DUNNO  
WHUT WE D  
WITHOUT  
THEY MAN!



COME ON, BOYS-  
LET'S ALL GO HAVE  
A DRINK ON  
THIS!

NOW, NOW, BOYS-  
YOU KNOW I  
NEVER TOUCH  
THE STUFF!

AW, COME ON,  
DURANGO - JUST  
THIS ONCE! IT'S  
A SPECIAL  
CELEBRATION!  
BE A SPORT!

WEE EU  
ALL  
RIGHT-  
JUST  
THIS  
ONCE!



DOWN SHE  
GOES! HURRAY FER  
DURANGO!

**A FEW MINUTES LATER...**

HOW COME YUH ASKED ME TUH RIDE ALONG WITH YUH, DURANGO? YUH KNOW WE AINT SUPPOSED TUH BE SEEN TOGETHER. TOO MUCH.

I KNOW, MULEY-BUT SOMETHING'S **WRONG**. I DON'T FEEL TOO WELL- EVER SINCE I TOOK THAT DRINK 1-1- TOGETHER. TOO MUCH.



-1-1-  
AHHHH-  
HHH..

HOLY COW!  
ON **ONE**  
DRINK?!

I CAINT FIGGER IT OUT. HE'S IN A KIND OF **COMA**- HIS HEART'S HARDLY BEATIN'! GOLLY, I GOTTA DO **SOMETHIN'**! HYAR COMES SOMEBODY-MEBBE THEY KIN HELP!

BUT WAIT A MINUTE -I CAIN'T DO THET! THEY'D FIND OUT WHO DURANGO IS! I GOTTA KEEP 'IM UNDER COVER- FIGGER OUT SOME OTHER WAY..

IT'S BUTCH BURLEY, OWNER OF THE SALOON- AND TWO OF HIS BOUNCERS.

WE OUGHTA FIND DURANGO 'ROUND ABOUT HYAR, BOYS! GUESS HE'S LYIN' IN THUH MIDDLE O' THUH ROAD SOMEWHERE!



THET WAS SOME **KICK** I PUT IN HIS DRINK... THET INJUN POTION THEY CALL "**STING O' DEATH!**" DURANGO WILL FALL ASLEEP AN' AFTER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS HE'LL **DIE!** THAR'S ONLY **ONE** THING THET KIN CURE IT...

...AN' I'M THE **ONLY** HOMBRE WHO KNOWS WHAR TO GIT IT! WITH DURANGO OUT O' THUH WAY, WE KIN GRAB OFF EVERY STEER IN THUH AREA- **HAW-HAW-HAW-HAW!**

SMART!

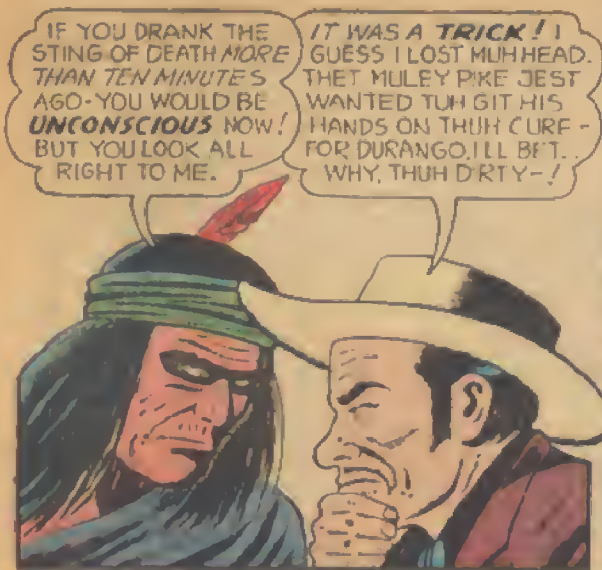


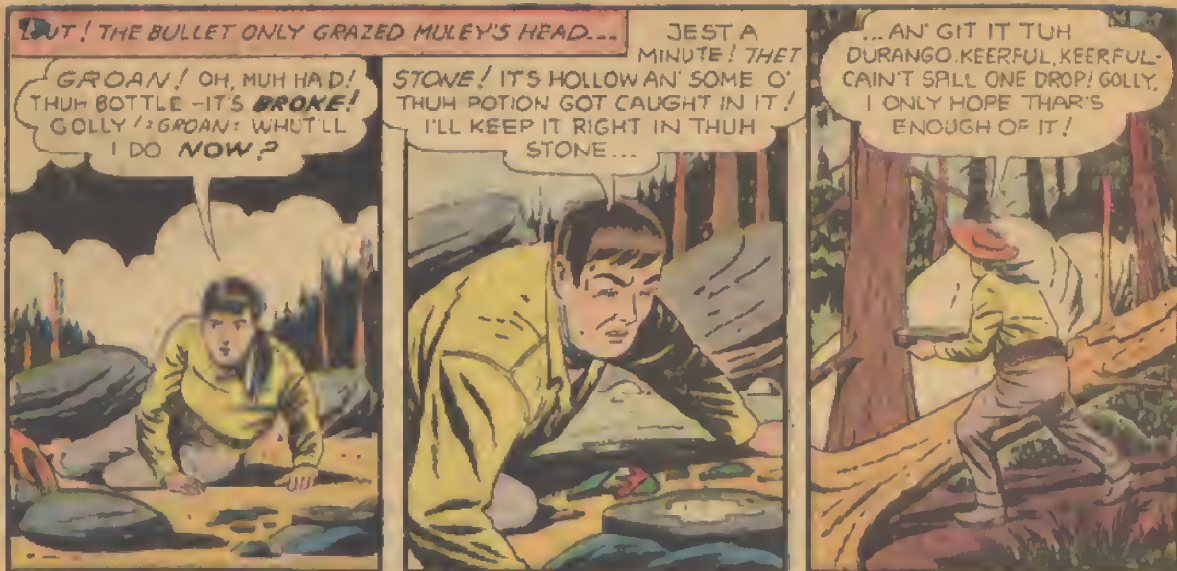




**B**UTCH BURLEY GALLOPS FOR HIS HIDEOUT IN THE HILLS...









# THE TOY THAT GROWS!

# JACK and the BEANSTALK

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GIANT 8" HIGH  
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in Proportion



BEANS

**JUST ADD WATER  
AND WATCH  
IT GROW!**



COW



HEN  
AND  
EGG



HARP



COW'S  
OWNER



JACK'S COTTAGE

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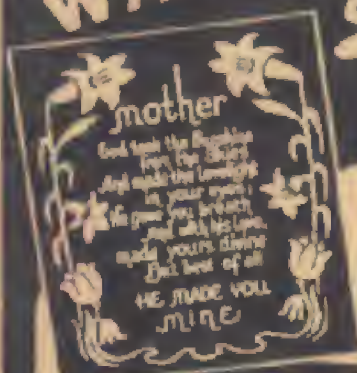
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